



**You're Dead
F*ggot!**

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You're Dead F*ggot! by jimmywise

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Summary:

Jimmy Alessi, being as openly gay as he is, ends up being the target of the Bower's Gang and has been since he moved to Derry from New York. Teasing Henry is all fun and games until he decides to hunt you down.

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Author's Note:

This was the first fic I've written since middle school so it's short and not perfect, but such is life.

Autumn at Derry High was usually chaotic. The halls were filled with anxious kids and young adults as the school year had just started. Tensions had the potential to be high, but as always, tensions automatically rose if someone so much as looked at Henry Bowers and his goons. Which, for Jim, was something he found hilarious. He could usually get away with taunting the Bower's Gang without receiving too much heat in return.

His hips swayed from side to side as he walked down the hall, weaving through the traffic with ease. He was taller than most students — especially while wearing his heeled boots — so he saw everyone and everything coming towards him. He pushed some kid out of his way to get to his locker, putting his books away as the final bell had rung minutes before.

As he shut the flimsy locker door with foot, he spun on his heel, turning around to meet gazes with Henry Bowers and Co. He immediately winked at the group, leaning against the wall as he, in a grotesquely erotic manner, pantomimed giving head. He licked his lips and even went so far as to pretend to swallow.

However, the gesture wasn't well received. The eye contact made prior wasn't well received either and Jimmy fled from the hall, laughing as Victor, Patrick, and Belch all held Henry back from attacking the other boy right there in the middle of the hall. "YOU'RE DEAD FAGGOT!" His voice was strained as he shouted, as it usually was. It probably came from the fact that almost everything he said come out as some sort of shout or scream. Jim turned around briefly to take in what he had caused with a sneer, his curiosity stirred when

Patrick Hockstetter winked back at him. The gangs' attention was all on Henry which was enough cover for Patrick to signal, in some way, that he was interested in Jimmy's little "business."

Once Jim was out of their line of sight, Henry finally shook them off of him, running a hand through his mullet. Pat crossed his arms, letting himself slouch against the wall. "You'll get him— later," his lips remained curled in that— awful grin.

"There's too many eyes around here," Victor added, looking from Pat to Henry.

"Let's go..." He spoke sharply as he commanded them. All four of the boys then started down the hall in the same direction Jim went off in. If he wasn't at any of his usual spots they'd wait for him outside his house. It'd been too long since Henry had personally dealt with that *faggot*.

Soon enough they were all piled up in Belch's car, Pat having to climb in through the top of the car just to sit in the back. The tires burned and whistled as the car sped off, music eventually blasting out of the speakers.

"Listen, Arcade, at this point you should just accept the fact that I'm not gonna—" Jim had started, only to be interrupted by one of his only friends Archer Cade. He didn't talk down to Jimmy, but he did speak with conviction, "Jimmy you're going to pass your classes. We'll just have to spend more time together before finals."

The taller of the two rolled his eyes, rubbing his jaw, "I just don't get anything!"

"But you will!"

"Not fast enough!" Jim let out a breathless laugh, smiling though he felt somewhat defeated. "Let's not think about it anymore."

It's Friday."

Jim smiled, about to turn into the arcade right next to the movie theatre when he heard his name being shouted by familiar voices. He swallowed, pushing Arcade towards the building, his body already prepping to start running. He hadn't considered the fact that Henry would be after him due to what happened earlier at school. "We'll hang out later," In a last-minute attempt to keep his friend out of this mess, he pushed him inside the arcade before sprinting down the street.

"GET HIM!" Henry sat back down, elbowing Belch to encourage him to go faster. His car tilted as Belch turned into the alleyway Jim had run into. The car skidded to a stop.

Jim had started to climb up the chain-link fence only to be pulled down by his collar. He fell onto the pavement with a thud, shielding his head and covering his mouth as he coughed. Henry's eyes wandered across Jim's figure, staring at his tight ass made tighter by his signature leather pants. As the rest of his gang surrounded him he cleared his throat, shaking away the thoughts that would make him look like a queer. His smile was cruel as he snickered, "There's no getting out of this one, Fag. It's been too long since we taught you a lesson."

Jim stared up at Henry, his hands shaking. He looked to the approaching Victor and Belch before scrambling to his feet in a final effort to flee, only to be caught and wrestled back and held against the fence. He refused to passively take whatever Henry had been planning. He pulled against the two boys holding him. He knew they were stronger, but he may as well make the process more difficult for them.

Henry's fingers curled around Jimmy's collar, holding the fabric tightly as he held up his switchblade. "You know- I never understood why you wear these shirts. It makes doing my job so much easier..." The blade shot out of the handle with a click. Slowly, his hand lowered to Jim's already exposed abdomen. His stomach was sucked in tightly, shoulders almost vibrating because of how fast he was breathing. "Henry don't-" he pulled against Belch and Vic again, trying to scoot himself backwards, wishing he could've just

phased through the fence like in one of those new sci-fi movies.

The blade was pressed against his skin, not yet making a cut. Henry's eyes locked with Jimmy's, enjoying the distress he was causing. He really never noticed how bright and green Jim's eyes were however, and in the brief moment of distraction, Jim found a window to fight back.

His foot quickly collided with Henry's crotch, the blade nicking him as it fell out of Henry's hand. Both Victor and Belch were shocked enough by what had happened which made it possible to stomp on Belch's foot to get him to let go just so he could land a punch on Victor. He couldn't even think about the pain shooting through his knuckles as he started to run, only to be caught by Patrick who found it appropriate to grope and grind against him, his actions easily concealed since it just looked like he was trying to prevent Jim from escaping.

Patrick laughed, his mouth hovering close to Jimmy's ear, "Oh you're really gonna get it now." His hands were wrapped tight around his arms, making sure they stayed pinned behind his back. By now, Henry had recovered from the kick and he was fuming. His cheeks were red with anger and the other two didn't look so happy either. Jim shook his head, mumbling apologies and begging to be let go.

"You never learn do ya?" Henry hissed, holding onto Jim's jaw. He squeezed tightly, causing his jaw to open. He grimaced, his fist colliding against the boy's face, his nose cracking as his head snapped to the side. Pat let Jim fall to the ground, kicking his back once before circling him as Blech and Victor hoisted him up again. Henry went to retrieve his switchblade, rushing back up to Jim, punching him twice more before pressing the knife against his cheeks.

"You won't be thinking you're so *pretty* now, faggot..." Henry snapped, holding his jaw in place as he cut through the skin of Jim's face. The boy screamed, unable to do anything due to the pain. His eyes started to become red and puffy as tears rolled down his cheeks.

Before Henry could get any further, a police cruiser rolled up behind

Belch's car. And none other than Butch Bowers was at the wheel. He slammed the door shut, approaching the group of boys with a glower. "Someone reported a *disturbance*," He spoke with a monotone.

As soon as Butch had made his presence known, the boys had let Jimmy fall to return to Henry's side. The air was tense and thick as Butch was perhaps one of the only figures Henry actually feared. He swallowed the lump in his throat.

Butch's eyes landed on Jim and he scoffed, "Get out of here boy. You've done enough." He didn't care for Jimmy. He was a degenerate and a plague to Derry. But he couldn't have anyone else find Henry beating down on him. Without another word he left, and after waiting a bit for Butch to *really* be gone, Henry spit on Jim before leaving with the rest of his gang. Jim let out a sob, trying to stand back up once he was alone.